THE WORLD OF WOMEN

BAB WRITES OF FADS.

She Tells About the Frivolities and Fancies of Pretty Maids and Comely Matrons.

[Copyright, 1897.]

Has it been your misfortune to receive a letter written in what is known as the "new handwriting?" The aforesaid new handwriting is upright in outline and curious in shading, and one must be educated up to reading it. I have been told by people who admire it, although they are not familiar with it, that the Egyptian hieroglyphics are legible compared to it. As a nation we are not good writers. The English write a clear, legible hand, the French a singularly neat, small hand, while they invariably use good stationery. Since I don't read German I can't criticise the handwriting of the emperor or of Bismarck, but I do know that as a nation we are the most variable in our handwriting of any in existence, and I think I've found out the reason for it.

At the time when the present generation—that is, our sweet selves—were going to school we began to write our mottoes in a round copy book hand, with beautiful shadings, tall l's and short t's, i's properly dotted and y's that didn't have curled tails like q's.

Midway in the search for this we were stopped. We began to write by order of the teacher in charge, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," in the angular English hand, for that had become fashionable. Now, no human being, especially at the mature age of 13, could, after several years of application at round o's, suddenly make them sharp o's. She could not in a moment drag down from their height all her l's, leave her t's uncrossed and forget shading altogether. The result was a hybrid handwriting that is now general in this country. We believed that there was some individuality in a scrawl, in queerly formed letters and in a mixture of roundness and sharpness, but this new upright handwriting is going to drive more children to prefer ignorance to knowledge and more teachers to matrimony than anything that has ever happened before.

It was Napoleon Bonaparte who said: "No man dealing with a press of business can be expected to write a legible hand. All he can do is to set down dots and leave it to others to decipher them." I have always been an admirer of Napoleon, but now I feel that he was more human than he has ever been credited with being. Personally I have a kindly feeling toward the people who write indistinctly, but there is one thing that I will not and cannot forgive, and I think that did more to make me discover that Ellen Terry was not my ideal Marguerite than anything else. Miss Terry commits the awful crime of writing on both sides of the thinnest of paper with the blackest of ink and the heaviest of quills. The result is mysterious beyond telling. You may count yourself as wonderfully lucky if among the black and white lines and crosses you find her name and your own. Mrs. Langtry writes a big, clear hand, and she has a cheerful way of meandering all over a heavy page of paper exactly as if she were putting out her firm, white, well shaped hand to greet you. Lillian Russell writes a rather round, large hand, using the blackest of ink on pale blue paper, which has her monogram on it in white. Henry Irving writes a curiously old fashioned hand, indistinct and requiring a little clew to start with, but once you've discovered what he's writing about all the mystery is solved. A small, neat, distinct hand is that of Wilson Barrett, his writing being not unlike that of E. H. Sothern, whose letters always remind you of the perfection with which his coat fits.

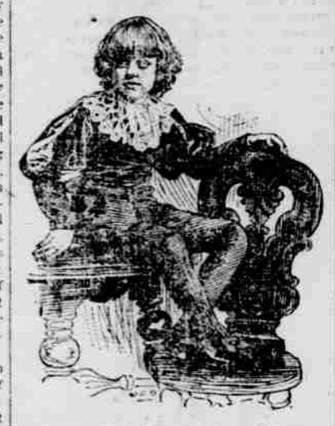
Jeannette Gilder, the best woman critic in this country, expresses herself in legible writing that is a joy to read. I possess a bit of a manuscript of Bret Harte. The writing is fine, distinct, feminine, and the ink is violet. Yvette Guilbert writes a distinctly delicate hand, and her own bright face looks out from every one of her correspondence cards.

Most of the foreign actors and singers write this same small, distinct hand. The women inclining to larger letters than the men. Many of the women who write to get jam for their bread and butter do it in an indistinct and reckless way. It would seem as if they remembered that ink was cheap and that, after all, what they wrote was usually put in print before the public saw it. About my own handwriting I am a bit sensitive. Severe critics, who twit me because of my age and my many infirmities, have called it characteristic. My own family has hinted positively, but kindly and with all love and reverence, that it must have been a very bad character of which it was typical, a sort of combination of Lucrezia Borgia, Eve, Catherine de Medici, the woman who invented starch and the young woman who devoted her life to swallowing pins and in whose cold corpse several millions of them were found. This, however, is blasphemy. But I, like other great people, as Mr. George Moore so fluently says, find that I am not appreciated as I should be in my own family.

The cry for a long time has been that woman was taking the bread out of man's mouth by assuming his occupations. It was said that she could write as well as or better than he did, that as a politician she was far above him, that as a financier she would have settled this tariff business long ago and that if ever she got hold of the money in the treasury she would disseminate it in a way that would please all the United States. But after a great deal of thinking (and when a woman thinks hard it either results in something or she thinks the curl out of her hair) she has come to the conclusion that there is a new occupation open to man. It is that of lady's maid. The reason of its existence is what every knowing person calls the shirt habit. It had its birth in the shirt waist. But every fashionable girl understands that the masculine shirt, pure and simple, has become a necessity in the wardrobe of every woman who wears a cloth skirt and jacket. Putting on this shirt, however, involves a mental as well as a physical struggle. This is the way it comes about: Lovely woman, wishing to look particularly smart and to have an air of absolute trigness, goes to a shirtmaker, "a really righty" shirtmaker, and announces with considerable swagger that she's come to be measured for some shirts. Ten to one she never had a shirt on before. The whole time that wretched man is measuring her she bothers him by announcing that they didn't measure her that way in Paris and that in London they fitted her differently. When finished, her shirt is exactly like those belonging to the head of the family, with one exception—that is, it has a string run in the back, which, after pulling the gathers into place, is hauled around and tied in front. It opens down the front and has cuffs and collar firmly on it, and when it and the rest of them come home they look as smart as possible, though the shirtmaker, being of his century, charges $2 apiece more than he would for making a masculine shirt. This is not because they required less material, but because they were made for a woman.

Now begins the occupation of a man. The lovely woman has a cloth skirt and a cutaway coat to be worn with these shirts. A shirt is put on, and the first thing heard from her dressing room is a call for Charley to come and see what makes the collar tickle so. After Charley has examined the collar and has assured her it's because it's well starched she lapses into silence. Then she says in a low and very pleading voice, "Would you mind putting the buttons in for me?" He doesn't mind, and after that he ties her scarf as it should be, sticks the pin in after the proper fashion, and then she shows him the little tab with her initials on which she fastens to the band of her skirt. Charley rather scoffs at this, but after she's all dressed and he sees her beautiful delight in the shirt that is really and truly like a man's he wouldn't object to accepting the position of lady's maid to every charming girl who has a "really righty shirt."

The newest hat seems to be somewhat after the shape of that worn by the lady warriors of Egypt, which consisted of one bird put just in front, with his



STERLING ROHLFS, AGED 10.

wings shaping toward the sides and a collection of the tails and wings of other birds standing up in the center. This doesn't sound as if the new hat were pretty, and yet it is, but it does impress you as being distinctly Egyptian. It must be entirely white. For that reason brunettes will look better in it than blonds. Did you ever think that, while they seemed to have a fancy for wearing the sacred bird and the sacred flower on their heads in Egypt, there exists no record of hats? Do you suppose they went out in the burning sun hatless, risking freckles and tan, or do you imagine that they staid at home and had everything come to them? And will you please tell me how Cleopatra could have had a joyous life unless she bought a new Easter bonnet? To be sure, Easter wasn't in vogue then, but there must have been something that corresponded to it. Eve undoubtedly made herself a bonnet of violets and tied it on with a ribbon grass that was in perfect harmony with her fig leaves and the delicate ferns that formed the fringe on the edge of them. Eve certainly was a woman of more or less good taste, else she would not have chosen that fig leaf shade for her first toilet. That particular green is so especially becoming to a clear white skin, and yet when she had so many colors to choose from she was woman enough and artist enough to select the proper tint! Adam took what she did and illustrated in this way that from the very beginning, as the typical man, he was an imitative creature.

And yet a man is clever. There are so many things he can do that prove this.

He can wear a stiff linen shirt and button it with his fingers without breaking the linen or his finger nails, where, put in the same position, a woman would call a glove buttoner into use.

He can loop a four-in-hand scarf so that it is perfectly even, shows that it has been tied by hand and not bought ready made.

He can get the links in his cuffs without licking the backs of the buttonholes.

He can find more fault in half an hour, upset a household quicker and make more women cry than any other living animal.

He is gifted with a greater knowledge about everything than an encyclopedia and is more willing to disseminate it than a book agent.

He believes in himself implicitly, and that's the reason he gets the better of everything feminine.

He is a man, and he regards that as an excuse for every folly he commits. And really, between you and me, I don't know but it is. But, then, I haven't what the suffragists call real spirit. I am what they would describe as a downtrodden worm. However, I was built that way, and you can't change your spots, can you? And from the very beginning I was spotted as a woman, and nobody who knows would ever credit with being anything else her whose signature in early English or vertically is

Bab

Burmese Girls.

In every household the daughter has her appointed work. In all but the richest merchants' houses the daughter's duty is to bring the water from the well evening and morning. It is the gossiping place of the village, this well, and as the sun sets there come running down all the girls of the village. As they fill their jars they lean over the curb and talk, and it is here that are told the latest news, the latest flirtation, the latest marriage and the little scandal of the place. Very few men come. Water carrying is not their duty, and there are a proper time and place for flirtation. So the girls have the well almost to themselves.

Almost every girl will weave. In every house there will be a loom, where the girls weave their dresses and those of their parents. Very many girls will have stalls in the bazaar. Other duties are the husking of the rice and the making of cheroots. Of course in the richer households there will be servants to do all this, but even in them the daughter will frequently weave either for herself or for her parents. Almost every girl will do something if it be only to pass the time.

A Puzzle Bracelet.

One of the most novel pieces of jewelry is the puzzle lock bracelet, the chain of which is secured by a lock formed of three revolving pieces engraved with figures or letters. Only by arranging these in some particular combination forming a private code can the lock be opened, and as the figures may make an immense number of combinations, the "open sesame" is well nigh impossible of attainment, except by the owner. The idea of this device is that the bracelet can be taken off and used to chain a bicycle to the railings while the rider is in a house or a store, as a fastening to a traveling bag and for many other purposes of the sort. Most people would be apt to suffer qualms of anxiety in leaving it as a lock to a bicycle but for the maker's assurance that these bracelets, which are made in a variety of designs, are so strong as to render the length of time required for filing them through a risk which the bicycle thief would not venture to incur, while it is impossible to break the lock or open it in any other way than by the mysterious code.

Wrought Iron Work.

In spite of the talk of the new woman, "house proud" is a term still deserved by many matrons. With the return of a prying sunshine there is the annual flurry to put in new carpets, rugs and curtains. Artistic ironwork has become a veritable epidemic. The old patterns of mediæval Italy are being reproduced everywhere, and in the homes of people of wealth and taste hall door panels are often replaced by ironwork against frosted or muffled glass. For the woman who loves window boxes there can be nothing more delightful than the bent iron stand or rack, which may be securely fastened to the sill and which hides the plain, unlovely box or pots in which the bright hued plants are growing. A wrought iron frame for an unused fireplace, in which are set growing vines and blossoms, is another pretty device of the modern times.

Asparagus Fern In Decoration.

At a luncheon recently given the whole surface of the square table was covered with asparagus fern in diamonds of about 8 inches from point to point, crossing and recrossing to form an exact square, leaving a border about 14 inches for the plates, glasses, etc. This network was made by fastening the vine at regular intervals with minute safety pins to one side of the cloth and carefully keeping true diagonal lines to the opposite side, after the manner of an old latticed window. Through it marguerites, full blown flowers and many buds were thickly strewn, so placed as to raise their heads clearly and having the most starry, youthful look of gayety, such as flowers have in a meadow, and yet a dainty air which was well suited to the young guests.

A hard boiled egg is more delicate in flavor and much more digestible if cooked 20 minutes or half an hour. It should be put immediately in cold water. It prevents the egg from turning dark, and it shells easier in consequence.

MRS. ANNA K. ROHLFS.

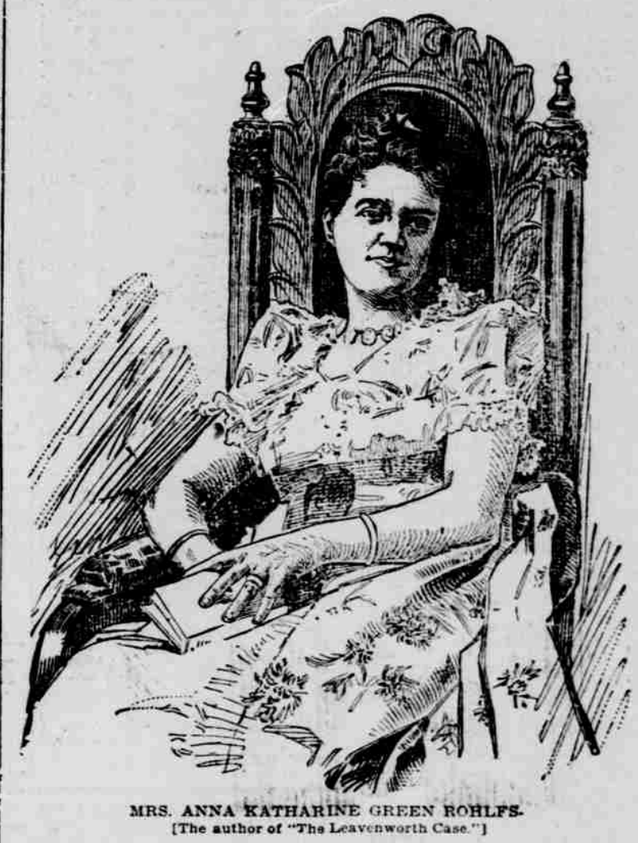
Better Known by the Name of Anna Katharine Green, the Writer of Detective Tales.

Mrs. Anna Katharine Green Rohlfs, known to the world as the only woman writer of detective stories that are pronounced "practical" by professional hunters of criminals, is the mother of three beautiful children—Rosamond, aged nearly 12; Sterling, 10; Roland, 5. They all take the most intense interest in their mother's work. It was when she was only a "wee bit lassie" that Miss Rosamond was one day seen with pencil and paper in hand scribbling away for dear life.

"What are you doing, child?" asked the mother.

"Oh, I'm writing 'The Leavenworth Case!'" was the ready response. "See! And I'm going to get a lot of money, too, mamma."

Mrs. Rohlfs is so devoted to her children that she would much rather talk about them than about her books, although sometimes to her friends she tells how she came to write fiction. Originally her ambition was to write poetry, and, although it is likely few of those who admire her detective stories know it, she has published a book of very creditable verses. She began writing in rhyme and rhythm when she was a mere child, and her brother, who had a toy printing press and a font of type,

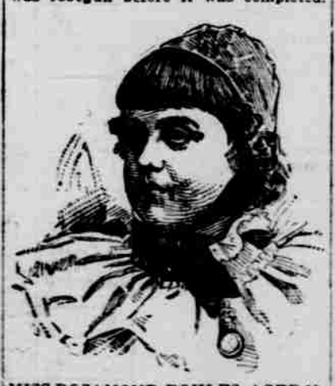


MRS. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN ROHLFS.
[The author of "The Leavenworth Case."]

used to set up and print her childish effusions. Here is a copy of the first stanza of a poem written by her when she was 8 years old and preserved by the boyish printer. The title is "The Marriage:"

See! The day comes on in his path so bright
To claim the hand of the beautiful night.
See! They meet each other now face to face,
And around the bright and glorious place
Flow curtains of sunlight rich and fair.
Curtains blue and gold, looped with stars, hang there.

Some of her versified productions were rhythmic narratives of involved and intricate plot, and one day the young girl's mother urged her to write a story. The result of this suggestion was a long tale which never saw the light, but which contained the germs of "The Leavenworth Case." After this first girlish attempt at novel writing was finished it was laid aside for several years and finally destroyed, but there came a time when the main features of the plot were utilized. It was fully two years after "The Leavenworth Case" was rebegun before it was completed.



MISS ROSAMOND ROHLFS, AGED 12.

Some of it was written at home, some at the seashore, some in the mountains, some on moving trains. When finished, the copy, as Mrs. Rohlfs describes it, was "a sight to behold." It was written on all sizes, grades and colors of writing paper, for she bought her stationery wherever she happened to be without regard to the appearance of the completed manuscript. At that time she had never met a detective, nor had she ever visited a police court, a coroner's office or any other place where the machinery of detection and punishment of crime is worked. Naturally she feared that her descriptions of inquests and trials and police methods might be technically inaccurate.

"So," said Mrs. Rohlfs to the writer, "after the story was finished I asked my father, who was a lawyer, to read it and correct where he thought correction necessary. He read it, and," with an expressive gesture, "he just tore some of it to pieces on technical grounds. Then after I had fixed it up again I took it to a friend of the family, a judge, thinking that if he said the law in the story was all right it would be safe to submit the manuscript to a publisher. The judge made only one suggestion, and that related to my use of the word 'equity.' Then I thought my troubles were over, so far as 'The Leavenworth Case' was concerned, but the publisher said the story, which contained 150,000 words, was one-third too long. He thought it interesting, however, and said that if I would cut it down he might publish it. I did not see how a single word could be left out, but I did cut it down, and I am free to admit that condensation improved it. When the publisher looked it over again, he said:

"'I wish you would get Rossiter Johnson to read this manuscript. If he says that it will go, we will publish it.'

"So Mr. Johnson was asked to come over from New York to my father's house in Brooklyn. Of course I could not ask him to read the story, but I suggested that he should let me read a chapter or two to him. He acquiesced and lay back comfortably in a deep armchair. I read the first chapter. At its close I saw that his eyes were closed, and I feared he had gone to sleep, but when I paused he opened his eyes and said one word, 'More!' Then I read two chapters without stopping.

"When I paused, he opened his eyes and said again, 'More!' That was repeated, with intervals for meals, until the story was finished. To be strictly accurate, there was also one interval for sleep, since, although I had condensed the story, it was too long to read at a sitting, and I did not succeed in finishing it until the next day. I need not say that my voice suffered considerably from such a prolonged strain, and, as you know, Mr. Johnson's judgment was accepted by the publisher."

Mrs. Rohlfs has her favorite among her characters, as most authors have. Of them all she says she likes the detective Gryce, who appears in all her books, best, and, next to him, Amelia Butterworth, the old maid character in her latest story, "That Affair Next Door." Few who have read this story have failed to be impressed by the humor that is infused into the delineation of the self appointed old maid detective who from the beginning to the end of the tale attempts to solve the mystery of the murder of a pretty young woman and who, although most of her theorizing is incorrect, at the last contributes as much to the unraveling of the mystery as Gryce, the detective. Mrs. Rohlfs created the part of Amelia Butterworth because Mr. Irving Brown of Buffalo once said to her that, like most other woman writers, she could not create humorous characters.

Mrs. Rohlfs, although a writer in a field almost exclusively occupied by men, is not in the least a "new woman." She belongs to a few clubs, of course, but she does not believe in equal suffrage rights or in the aspirations of those of her sex who desire for themselves all the freedom in certain directions that is tacitly accorded to men. Nor does she believe that the present tendency of thought among women is likely to continue. "It is the same old woman's heart," she says, "and it cannot be changed."

In her judgment, Hall Caine is the greatest living English novelist. She enjoys the writings of Mary E. Wilkins better than those of any other American story teller.

Mrs. Rohlfs' story, "The Leavenworth Case," has, as is well known, been dramatized, and the stage version of the tale is an intensely interesting play.

The part of the private secretary is enacted by Mr. Charles Rohlfs, the husband of the novelist, who is an actor of some repute.

Any one who has read the novel will recognize the possibilities of this character in the hands of a competent actor, and Mr. Rohlfs is more than that—he is an extremely good actor.

After his marriage Mr. Rohlfs left the stage for seven or eight years, but returned and made a success of his ventures.

I. D. MARSHALL.

Household Fancies.

A novel effect was produced in the punch bowl at a recent tea. There was a large cake of ice in the center of the bowl, and on this lay one of the biggest bunches of white grapes probably that ever grew, its stem tied with a pink satin ribbon. Although this may not seem artistic to read of, the effect of the pink of the ribbon, the red of the punch, with the gold of the lemon and the clear absinth green of the grape against the crystal of the ice was not at all bad.

At a recent wedding hangings of red gauze veiling mirrors and at doors and windows, draped over mantels and, in fact, wherever opportunity presented were accessories that were not as theatrical as it sounds to tell of them. The flowers were splendid red tulips and magnificent jack roses, and, as the drawing rooms and halls were done in pale empire colors, this riot of red really gave a very rich and imposing effect.

A cooking teacher advises that very thick beefsteak should be put in the oven and allowed to warm through before being broiled. Except over the very clear, strong fire of the hotel or restaurant range, it is almost impossible to cook a four inch steak well—that is, without an actually raw streak through the center—by the usual broiling process.

Ethel Barrymore.

The appearance of Ethel Barrymore on the stage makes actors and theater goers feel that they are growing old. Why, it was only the other day that she was a toddling youngster! She is a most dainty bit of charming femininity and also gives promise of fully realizing the hopes of her actor family. There is an amusing little story in which she was an unconscious actor at an age when she still said her prayers at her mother's knee. One evening during the execution of the nightly devotions her father, who was present, gravely prompted her thus: "God bless Uncle John" (referring to John Drew, his brother-in-law) "and teach him how to act." In spite of the mother's protest, the petition was insisted upon nightly by the fun loving Barrymore, who delighted in an opportunity for a friendly joke at the expense of the well known, persevering and cultured actor.

They Are New Women.

Seven hundred girls attending public schools recently received letters from Sanford university asking them to answer the question, "What person of whom you have heard or read would you most like to resemble, and why?" In a remarkably large number of cases the answers revealed a desire to resemble some great man rather than a famous woman, and an impressive majority of the writers expressed the desire to be strong and brave rather than to possess the qualities generally regarded as peculiarly and properly feminine. One 13-year-old girl wrote, "I

ROLAND ROHLFS, AGED 5.

believe that I would rather resemble a man than a woman, because the deeds of women, although sometimes great, self sacrificing and brave, sink into insignificance when compared with the valorous deeds of men." The instructor who had charge of this investigation—a woman, by the way—deduces from the replies received that the "zeitgeist is surely and irresistibly impelling our girls to an absorption of characteristics hitherto deemed masculine. Coeducation is undoubtedly greatly accelerating this consummation."

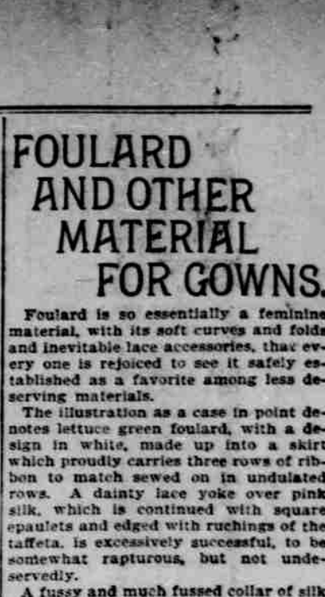
When the tablecloth is removed after a meal, it should not only be very carefully folded in the creases into which it was ironed, but it should be laid away under some very heavy weight. A small marble slab, if procurable, is excellently adapted for this purpose. If the well smoothed cloth is laid beneath it three times daily, it will keep its freshness remarkably and last much longer before need of change.

FOULARD AND OTHER MATERIAL FOR GOWNS.

Foulard is so essentially a feminine material, with its soft curves and folds and inevitable lace accessories, that every one is rejoiced to see it safely established as a favorite among less deserving materials.

The illustration as a case in point denotes lettuce green foulard, with a design in white, made up into a skirt which proudly carries three rows of ribbon to match sewed on in undulated rows. A dainty lace yoke over pink silk, which is continued with square epaulets and edged with ruchings of the taffeta, is excessively successful, to be somewhat rapturous, but not undeservedly.

A fussy and much fussed collar of silk ribbon and lace gives the necessary touch without which all neckgear is at the moment impayable, and, as an eminently becoming finish to the somewhat plain sleeves, cuffs cut into a point and supported plenteously with lace and ribbon at the edges complete



LETTUCE GREEN FOULARD.

a really pretty and eminently cool and summerlike gown.

White over very bright pink always makes an uncommonly good effect, to adopt the subject of frocks, and at a recent dance there was an unusually bewitching arrangement in white mousseline de soie over cherry color taffeta, which seemed the prettiest young girl gown among hundreds that evening.

A garland of roses beautifully embroidered in silver, with foliage and buds, set the apron off to great advantage. A ruching of the mousseline ran round the end of the skirt, and one of those becoming arrangements in drapery known as "cressed bodices" had a silver trimming to match that of skirt and a posy of deep pink roses at the belt and left shoulder.

That the good taste of American women in matters of dress is recognized in England is shown from the following extract taken from a well known London journal regarding a costume seen at the opera recently:

"One of the numerous Americans who are often seen in society this season had a particularly pretty gown, worn with all the art of her compatriots, whose spotless complexions and unexpected modes of speech have so firmly established them in conservative European esteem, not to mention the mere matter of vulgar fractions which usually attaches besides. This frock, which, as to the skirt, was composed of a sun plait of delicate ivory chiffon over white glace silk, had a cobwebby bodice arrangement, eminently becoming, which consisted of a blouse shaped combination of plaited chiffon and lace over silk. A vest embroidered with pearl beads and silver paillettes in the Louis Quinze manner was most skillfully introduced, and as a last touch of chic there was a girdle of bright pink banksia roses—not that banksias ever blush that color in nature, but no matter—and these fell in a double garland from the waist with a quite impossible to describe fascination. If there was a solecism, it was in the small diamond crown with which this young woman outraged her genuinely golden locks."

A survey of the millinery of the latest moment from the best sources proves that the wild frenzy of weird and kaleidoscopic hats and bonnets has happily exhausted itself and the keynote of moderation has at last been struck.

In place of some half dozen discordant shades thrown at one another on one suffering shape, we have but two perhaps, and those are chosen with some consideration for harmonious effect and the curves of the face. Some charming little toques are in evidence of a given shade in tulle or mousseline de soie trimmed solely with an aigret of ribbon the same hue and flowers whose natural hue harmonizes with the selected shade—for instance, one of forgetme not blue for a fair girl, with a loose wreath of forgetmenots and a group of the same on the left side.

For river picnics or summer outings generally few prettier gowns could be discovered than one made of fine blue serge. The smart little eton is cut out in the front from the bust downward and at the back terminates in a brisk little basque. It is edged completely round by a band of white cloth, which is again edged with a narrow gold braid, the sleeves and skirt being also finished by the same trimming.

The jacket is lined with white silk and worn over a white cloth waistcoat with tiny gold buttons. A blue straw sailor hat trimmed with white ribbon, white gloves, shoes and parasol complete this charming turnout.

A very pretty fabric introduced this season is a mixture of linen and silk in stripes, the groundwork being in very fine thin white linen and the stripes of equal width in colored silk. It is inexpensive, but looks well and makes exceedingly pretty blouses, full skirts and fronts or entire gowns for summer days.

Grays are still enjoying much favor in Paris and look delightfully cool and delicate for hot days, besides being extremely becoming.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

If one asks the reason why potatoes should always be cooked in boiling water, try the following experiment for proof: Take two cups in each of which has been put a teaspoonful of ordinary starch. Pour over one a quarter of a cupful of boiling water and over the other the same quantity of cold water and observe the result. The one over which the boiling water was poured stays in shape, a compact mass, while the one with the cold water dissolves into a soft paste. The potato is largely composed of starch, and from this trial any one may draw his own conclusions.

A fruit dressing for tan shoes is the inside of a banana skin. Rub the skin all over the shoe thoroughly and wipe off carefully with a soft cloth briskly. Patent leather shoes should not be polished with blacking. These are the hardest kind of shoes to keep looking well and require constant care. They may be cleaned with a damp sponge and immediately dried with a soft cloth, with occasionally a little vaseline or sweet oil. They must never be donned in cold weather without heating or they will crack as soon as exposed to the cold air.

For the summer veranda an artistic as well as useful bit of furniture is a huge, tall screen made of one or more breadths of dark red matting set in a frame of dark wood or that which has been stained. This shuts off a too conspicuous part of the porch when afternoon tea is served there, it protects a certain portion from the sun and serves as an excellent background for light gowns in conjunction with silver green Japanese piazza curtains or rich blue awnings, and with pretty cushions helps to make a gay scene inside the vines, which are an essential part of all ideal verandas.

The stone steps of houses situated on the shady side of the street, particularly if the season is at all a wet one, are liable to have a green, mossy coloring come on them. It is said that chloride of lime will effectually remove it if the lime is mixed with cold water until it is like a thick whitewash. A stick should be used for stirring. With an old brush apply this thickly over the steps. Leave it on for several hours and then wash it off with a stout, stubby broom and cold water, scrubbing it well and using plenty of water.

The white of an egg has a tendency to coagulate and is liable to disagree with the stomach of an invalid when the yolk may be perfectly harmless.

A meal should never be announced until everything is in readiness.

Orange juice is one of the best dressings for black shoes or boots. Take a slice or a quarter of an orange and rub it on the shoe or boot. When dry, brush with a soft brush until the shoe shines like a looking glass. This is an English recipe.

A canton flannel silence cloth makes your tablecloth look infinitely handsomer.

Raw eggs are more wholesome than those boiled or poached. Fresh eggs are more digestible than those which have been longer kept.

The best way to clean fine jewelry is to brush it with gin and put in boxwood sawdust to dry.